

# PACKINGTONS POUND.

## I.

When the Joy of all hearts, and desire of all eyes,  
In whom our chief Refuge, and Confidence lies,  
The Protestant Bulwark against all Despair,  
Has depriv'd us at once, of her Self, and her Heir:  
That hopeful Young Thing  
Begot by a King,  
And a Queen, whose Perfections o're all the world ring.  
A Father whose Courage no Mortal can daunt,  
And a Mother whose Virtue no Scandal can taint.

## II.

When *Jeffry's* resigns up the Purse and the Mace,  
Whose impudent Arrogance gain'd him the place:  
When, like *Lucifer*, thrown from the height of his Pride,  
And the Knot of his Villany's strangely unty'd.  
From the Chancery Bawling,  
He turns a Tarpaulin,  
Men still catch at any thing when they are falling:  
But to hasten his Fate, before he cou'd scour,  
Be was tak'n at *Wapping*, and sent to the Tow'r.

## III.

When Confessor *Petre's* do's yield up the Game,  
And proves to the worst of Religion a shame,  
When his cheating no more o're our Reason prevails,  
But is blasted like that of his true Prince of *Wales*:  
Which was his Contrivance,  
And our wise K——s Connivance,  
To establish the *Papists*, and *Protestants* drive hence:  
But their Cobweb Conception is brought to the Test,  
And the coming of *ORANGE* has quite spoil'd the Jest.

## IV.

When *Peterborough* Noted for all that's ill,  
Was urg'd by his Wife to the making his Will;  
At the hearing which words, he did stare, foam and roar,  
Then broke out in Cursing, and calling her Whore.  
And for Two Hours at least  
His Tongue never ceas'd,  
He rail'd on Religion, and damn'd the poor Priest,  
And his Friends, who had hope to behold him expire,  
Are afraid by this Bout they shall lose their desire.

## V.

Young *Salisbury* sam'd in this great Expedition,  
Not for going to War, but obtaining Commission;  
It's no Mystery to me, if his Courage did fail,  
When the Greatest of Monarchs himself did turn Tail:  
So that if he took Flight,  
With his Betters by Night,  
I am apt to believe the pert Spark was i'th' right:  
For the *Papists* this Maxim do every where hold,  
*To be forward in Boasting, in Courage less Bold.*

## VI.

Nor shou'd *Bellasis*, *Powis*, and *Arundel* throng,  
But each in due place have his Attributes sung.  
Yet since 'tis believ'd by the strange turn of Times,  
They'l be call'd to account for their Treasonable Crimes,  
While the *Damn'd Popish Plot*  
Is not yet quite forgot,  
For which the Lord *Stafford* went justly to Pot;  
And to their great comfort I'll make it appear,  
They that gave 'em their Freedom, themselves are not  
(clear.

## VII.

*W. Ws.* that Friend to the Bishops and Laws,  
As the Devil wou'd have it, espous'd the wrong Cause;  
Now loath'd by the Commons, and scorn'd by the Peers,  
His Patent for Honour, in pieces he tears.  
Both our *Britains* are Fool'd,  
Who the Laws Over rul'd,  
And next Parliament each, will be plagu'ly School'd:  
Then try if your Cunning can find out a Flaw  
To preserve you from Judgment according to Law.

## VIII.

Sir *Edward Hale's* Actions I shall not repeat,  
Till by Axe, or by Halter, his Life he compleat;  
*Pen's* History shall be related by *Lobb*,  
Who has ventur'd his Neck for a Snack in the Jobb.  
All their *Priests* and *Confessors*,  
With their dumb *Idol-Dressers*,  
Shall meet that Reward which is due to Transgressors.  
And no *Papist* henceforth shall these Kingdoms inherit,  
But *ORANGE* shall reap the Reward of his Merit.

FINIS.